

So Far Away

by Rogercat

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Summary: A one-shot related to my Warg Rider-AU, with Rog as the main character

So Far Away

****So far away****

It was late night in the hidden city of Gondolin during summer. Everyone, expect for the warriors on night duty, was fast asleep in their own beds. The children untroubled by the same sort of nightmares that their parents might suffer from, the memories of the Grinding Ice and those who had died there. Yet, there was someone else who was awake, sitting in a window frame while dressed in a white sleeping robe and watching the full moon shine down on the white city.

"How can fate have been so unkind? Why was our only reigning High Queen sacrificed to the Enemy's cruelty? Were the Valar even aware of what fate she was about to suffer when the Doom was spoken?"

Rog, the Lord of the House of the Hammer of Wrath, had not been able to find any sleep tonight. The past nights he had been haunted by memories of the past, but not any kind of memories.

"Why did I never reveal my feelings for her before the Darkening? Why did I hesitate to tell her?"

Sighing, he pulled a dark-skinned hand through his white hair and walked away from the window.

Lighting a single candle so he had some light, Rog walked though his private chambers, until he arrived to a chamber that could be opened only with a special key, which he had. This was his sanctuary, a private shrine to the woman he once loved and still did, despite the fact that Middle-Earth had been so horribly cruel to her. The light

from the candle fell on many pieces of jewelry themed in emeralds, diamonds, amethysts and sapphires, laying on small pillows around the chamber. There was a portrait on the wall, which depicted a young woman with copper red hair and silver-gray eyes. That she were stunningly beautiful, even by the standards of the Noldor with their otherwise black hair, could not be mistaken.

"My FÃ«anorian Ruby princessâ€|" Rog whispered in grief as his fingers followed the jawline on the portrait, the closest he ever would be able to be to her now when he could not leave Gondolin because of that Turgon, the current High King of the Noldor, refused to let anyone leave the hidden city, an order which had caused a furious screaming match between the king and his niece, princess Maeglin, earlier this day. Again, Rog sighed deeply and closed his green eyes to let the memories come to the surface of his mind.

_Once there was a princess who shone like a fire _

_Unmatched in beauty and lineage _

_Someone in love smiled and said, "Surely, there is no Elf _

So lovely and so well beloved as her."

The birth of princess NelyafinwÃ« Maitimo, the firstborn child to the Crown Prince and the High King's first grandchild. The sight of her growing from toddler to child, from adolescence to adulthood. Her coming-of-age ceremony, where some of the older and more traditional-minded Elves had whispered in dissatisfaction over that she had been treated like a prince instead of a princess, much to the displeasure of Crown Prince FÃ«anor who had not wanted anything to ruin one of his only daughter's most important days of her life.

"If only we had known what it would foreshadow for herâ€|"

And yet, despite that most believed that a princess never would become a reigning High Queen when there was so many princes in the family and she had six younger brothers herself, FÃ«anor had always treated her as a son, even officially claiming NelyafinwÃ« as his Heir before his oldest son KanafinwÃ« who never seemed to have a problem with his sister being ahead of him as a possible Ruler of the Noldor.

_So great were the Valar's reign and so brilliant their glory _

_Yet none saw the evil shadow behind them _

_Which slowly fell dark upon the Children of Eru they loved _

_And grew only darker as days and nights passed _

_Soon did that Dark Power take notice that others _

Did not agree about the King's two oldest sons

_And neither had the Crown Prince love for his sire's new family

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_He took the chance as the Prince's uneasiness grew _

Manwë's eventually unforgivable and never forgotten mistake to believe his lies and release Morgoth out of the Halls of Mandos after three Ages of imprisonment. How he had used Fëanor's already known disapproval of his half-siblings, born of his father's second wife Indis, the only one who was somebody's second wife in Valinor after the first had died.

"As if it was not already enough trouble in the royal family at that point!"

During that time, it had also started to be noticed that princess Nelyafinwë seemed to have serious trouble in finding a suitable husband while two of her younger brothers married without much trouble. She was popular, for many different reasons, but her first attempt of a real relationship that could have lead to a betrothal ended in bitter tears and a broken heart when it was revealed that he had only wanted her for her status as her father's Heir.

_And the High King did nothing to stop _

The awakening destruction of his two older sons

_Both who had needed him the most _

A drawn sword, a following exile

And the death of the Two Trees and a King

A cursed Oath sworn in anger and grief

How Morgoth had stolen the Simarils and killed Finwë. Half-mad in grief at his father's funeral and under the influence of Morgoth's lies about that the Valar only had wanted to keep the Eldar under their thumb as obedient pets, Fëanor had persuaded most of his people that because the Valar had abandoned them, the Noldor had to follow him to Middle-earth and fight the Dark Lord. Then the dreadful irrevocable Oath of Fëanor himself and his seven children had been sworn, unaware that they at that moment had doomed themselves to future damnation.

"As if the Oath had not been enough, the First Kinslaying and the Doom of Mandos happened!"

The Kinslaying at Alqualondë, where the Noldor had killed the Teleri to get their hands on the swan ships. Hearing the Doom of Mandos being spoken:

"_Tears unnumbered ye shall shed; and the Valar will fence Valinor against you, and shut you out, so that not even the echo of your lamentation shall pass over the mountains. On the House of Fëanor the wrath of the Valar lieth from the West unto the uttermost East, and upon all that will follow them it shall be laid also. Their Oath shall drive them, and yet betray them, and ever snatch away the very treasures that they have sworn to pursue. To evil end shall all things turn that they begin well; and by treason of kin unto kin, and the fear of treason, shall this come to pass. The Dispossessed shall they be for ever!"

The secret wish that Nelyafinwë at least would see the folly in

keeping following her father and return back to Tirion, just like her uncle Arafinwë, yet she had remained for the sake of her younger brothers. The shock of waking up in the night and seeing the light far away that revealed the burning of the ships, leaving them no other choice than to cross The Helcaraxë in order to reach Middle-Earth.

When we finally came there

After so much grief and loss of loved ones

We learnt that Fëanor had fallen in battle

And that the High Queen was captured

Dead or still alive, we did not know

By the bravery of a prince, she came back

Yet the damage had been done to her

And the House of Fëanor no longer rules...

The indescribable horror of learning that she had been taken by the Enemy and most likely was dead. How prince Findekáno had risked his life by rescue Nelyafinwë from Thangorodrim. The old memories of how the Metal clan had been enslaved shortly before the start of the Great Journey at seeing how she was barely alive, alongside the feeling of helplessness and powerlessness to give her support, because of the living nightmare she had been in while she was a prisoner of Angband. The long and painful recovery of her, where it became clear that the Enemy had found a way to utterly break her spirit as the kind-hearted princess Nelyafinwë and caused her to transform into a broken warrior under her Sindarin name Maedhros, feeling unworthy of being the High Queen for many reasons that she never truly revealed. In gratitude for being saved, and in atonement for Fëanor's desertion of Ællofinwë's house, Maedhros had relinquished all claim as the heir of Finwë and made Ællofinwë the High King of the exiled Noldor.

"At this point, I would not be surprised if the role as the High King of the exiled Noldor is cursed somehow, thanks to Morgoth!"

The Dagor Aglareb, where the Noldor pursued and utterly destroyed what remained of their enemies within sight of the peaks of Thangorodrim. The Siege of Angband, which went lasting for about four-hundred years. Then, Dagor Bragollach and its end, where High King Fingolfin was slain by Morgoth after a long duel against the Enemy. How Fingon had ended up as a High King of only sixteen short years before he too had met his end in a battle against Balrogs, during the Nirnaeth Arnoediad which had ended as a catastrophe for the Noldor. Ever since then, Turgon was the current High King of the Noldor and refusing to leave Gondolin.

Rog let the memories fall back, and once again, he looked on the portrait of Maedhros. It had been painted soon after her coming-of-age ceremony, and he had paid a remarkable sum to get one of the rare portraits of her as only a few had been painted. Taking a deep breath, he left the chamber and locked the door. Blowing out the candle, he went back to the open window. As the night wind gently

blowed, Rog sung the last of the song in his deep yet soft voice:

"_Nelyo, you're loved so much more than you know _
May troubles be far from your mind in sleep
And forgive everyone for being so blind to your pain
_Everyone of the years before us _
Fearful and unknown in so many ways
I never imagined that like this
_I'd face them in a golden cage _
_May every of coming winters _
_Swiftly pass by in time, I pray _
_I truly love you; and I miss you _
All these miles away from me
My dearest FÃ«anorian Ruby princess
_May all your dreams be sweet tonight _
_Safe upon your bed of childhood dreams _
_And know not of sadness, pain, or care _
_And when I dream, I'll fly away and meet you _
Sleepâ€¦|"

The next morning, when it was on the crack of dawn, Rog was awakened by the horrified scream from a servant girl running from the House of the Mole to the royal palace, screaming to anyone who could hear that princess Maeglin was nowhere to be found in her House. No matter how much the whole city itself, the valley and the surrounding mountains were searched over the following days and weeks, Maeglin could not found anywhere. And when she finally showed up again little over three months later, she never seemed able to tell exactly where she had been. That alone, should have been a foreshadowing of the Fall of Gondolin, which happened on the evening of festival Tarnin Austa. During the battle, the House of the Hammer of Wrath were hemmed in by the enemy forces while trying to protect the survivors, and every one of them perished, including Rog.

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_Author's note: This was inspired by the song "Lullaby for a princess" and I wanted to see if I could use it to let Rog tell a little of his love for Maedhros in the Warg Rider-AU. _

End
file.